

The Bourbon News.

SWIFT CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS, - - - KENTUCKY.

OUR LITTLE GENERAL.

See our little general pacing
Up and down the parlor floor,
Every danger proudly facing,
In his panoply of war;
Plume and banner waving o'er him,
Sword and bugle shining bright,
Drum to beat the charge before him
When he marches to the fight!

Oh! our laddie's eyes are blue
And his heart is stout and true,
And his little flag is gallantly unfurled;
You may search both east and west,
But our darling is the best,
And the bravest little general in the world!

When he stormed the three-legged table
With his nursery brigade,
Not a single foe was able
To withstand the fusillade;
For our general gallantly shouted:
"To the breach my men, and win!"
And the enemy was routed
Ere the conflict could begin.

Oh! our laddie's curls are gold,
And his laugh is blithe and bold,
As he leads his little troops with flag unfurled;
You may search both east and west,
He's the bravest and the best,
And the dearest little general in the world!

When our little lad is listed
For the fierce and bitter strife,
With the wrongs to be resisted
On the battlefield of life,
There's a Leader who will guide him
Through the perils of the day,
And will ever stand beside him
Till he conquers in the fray.

Oh! the battle may be long,
And the foemen may be strong,
But the laddie's colors never will be furled;
You may search both east and west,
But our soldier-lad's the best,
And the dearest little general in the world!

—M. J. Farrell, in Sunday Magazine.

Fate of His Trained Owl.

A Bird of Wisdom That Took to Cigarettes and Died.

IF Eben Brown had only been content to let his trained owl live a happy life of rural industry among the hills and dales of Pike county," said Deacon Todgers sadly, "that owl might have been with us to-day, the delight and admiration of all nature lovers. I warned Eben that he was making a mistake in letting his owl leave town.

"Cigarette smoking will ruin the constitution of any owl," I told him, "even a trained one that has become an experienced pipe smoker. Here's an owl who is doing his duty in his humble owlish way, and it's a sin and a disgrace to expose him to the temptations of life in a big city."

"But Eben was tempted by the big offer made him by the agent of a tobacco company who wanted to use the owl for advertising purposes. And the result was that Eben gained experience and lost the services of the best and most intelligent hunting owl known to the annals of Pike county."

"One evening last summer Eben attended a lecture at the old schoolhouse. The lecture was about the ancient Greeks and Romans. Eben listened attentively until the lecturer happened to remark that the people he was talking about lived 2,000 years ago. Then Eben's interest flagged."

"I ain't interested in live daggoes," said Eben, sort of wearily, "let alone those who were buried before Columbus was born. Why don't he talk on expansion, or bear hunting, or fishing, or some live issues of the day?"

"By and by the lecturer happened to mention that the owl was the chosen bird of Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom. This interested Eben, and all through the lecture I could see he was pondering over that statement."

"The owl is an honest, respectable bird," said Eben while we were walking home. "He attends to his duty and never bothers any one. You never hear of an owl being arrested for non-support of Mrs. Owl and the little Owlets and no Pike county owl was ever mixed up in any scandal. But at that I never knew of any owl doing anything particularly brilliant. Still, the Greeks were pretty wise old codgers about a lot of things and they must have had some reason for selecting that particular bird as the emblem of the Goddess of Wisdom. The subject is worth looking into."

"About a week later I dropped over to Eben's house. He was sitting on the porch, enjoying his pipe after the day's labor."

"Speaking of owls," said Eben in his solemn manner, "if they are really such wise birds as they appear to be, it seems to me that they might be taught to enjoy a pipe. It would be a sight to delight a kind man's heart to see an old owl, after a hard night's work finding food for Mrs. Owl and the little ones sitting in front of his home smoking a long clay pipe. It would improve his temper and make things pleasanter in the family."

"I knew Eben's benevolent idea wasn't intended entirely for the benefit of the owls, but at that I couldn't see where Eben was to get anything out of it."

"And do you mean to set up a tobacco store in the woods and advertise 'Tobacco and cigars sold to all owls of respectable families. No cigarettes sold to owls under the age of 16'?" I inquired, puzzled like.

"I may do that in the future," replied Eben, calmly. "But at present I don't think the demand for tobacco among owls would justify it. Still, it does seem to me that I could take a young owl and teach him to look on a good smoke as the reward of a day's hard work, the proceeds of his labor to be turned over to his guide and in-

structor, who in this case would be honest old Eben Brown."

"I had never heard of an owl that smoked, and I was doubtful of the success of Eben's plan. He was mighty enthusiastic over it. So he caught a young owl and tied it to a pole in his yard. Eben used to feed the owl and it wasn't but a little while before the owl came to know him and look on him as his guide and friend. Then Eben judged things were right for the second step in the owl's training. After the owl had eaten his dinner, Eben would come out and blow smoke in the owl's face. The owl didn't seem grateful for this attention, and showed his appreciation by trying to scratch out Eben's eyes. Eben was hurt, but not discouraged."

"The first time I smoked," said Eben, "I didn't feel any hilarious joy over the immediate results. It won't be long before this owl will be smoking a pipe in placid content. But not cigarettes. No owl of Eben Brown's will ever be allowed to become a cigarette smoker."

"After a little while the owl got so that he could endure the smoke. Then he came to like it. Finally Eben brought out a little pipe, cut to fit the owl's beak, lit it, puffed on it two or three times to show how the thing was done, and then offered it to owl. The owl was a little perplexed at first and tried to eat the pipe. But after a few lessons that owl learned to draw on the pipe and when he had eaten his dinner, would sit in Eben's yard, puffing away, the picture of owl content. Eben thought the world of that owl."

"Owls that could look solemn, and owls that knew a few meager tricks, have been common in Pike county," said Eben, complacent like, "but this is the first owl who has learned to really enjoy an after-dinner smoke. Some people think it is a bad habit, but as long as the owl lives in the open air and takes plenty of exercise I don't believe it will hurt him."

"When the owl got so that he wasn't content until he had had his after-dinner smoke, Eben thought it was time to take the next step in his training. He would tie a string to the owl and then let a mouse or bird loose in the yard. The owl would fly after it. When the mouse was caught Eben would pull the string, draw the owl back to him, take away the mouse and then let the owl enjoy a little smoke. Then Eben did the same thing with a few snipe and woodcock. It took quite a while to teach the owl, but in the end Eben had his pet trained so that the owl knew that Eben wanted game birds and that the only way to get a smoke was by turning in a good supply of them. But it wasn't any too easy work teaching him."

"Bears and hawks and turtles have been trained by honest old Eben Brown," Eben sometimes used to say in a discouraged way. "And they were all apt pupils compared with this owl. He may have been the bird of wisdom with the old Greeks and Romans, but he is outclassed every time by native-born American animals, whose forefathers never had the advantages of classical education."

"When the owl had arrived at the state where he felt he couldn't do without his smoke and at the same time realize that the way to get it was to hunt birds, Eben thought his pet's education was complete. Owls hunt best at night and one evening Eben turned his trained owl loose."

"It's up to you, my feathered friend," said Eben to the owl, "to go yourself to the woods and hunt snipe and woodcock. For there will be no more free tobacco coming to you. Eben Brown is not running a free-lunch counter where smoking materials will be furnished to any owl applying. That would soon turn you into a pauper owl, and, besides, there wouldn't be any benefit accruing to Eben."

"The owl appreciated pretty well what was wanted of him and flew off to the woods. Eben turned in and slept, happy in the thought that an extra-sized and unusually intelligent owl was scouring the woods in search of game for the Eben Brown larder. In the morning the owl had gathered a pile of woodcock that it would have taken weeks to shoot. Eben fed his pet some of the choicest bits of meat and then, after the owl had eaten, gave him the owl pipe filled with tobacco. The owl puffed away in his solemn, sedate manner for a few minutes, then knocked the ashes out of the pipe and handed it back to Eben, and waddled off to enjoy a well-earned sleep. Eben sorted out the game birds and carried them to the village, where he disposed of them for a good price."

"For about a month things went on smoothly. The owl hunted regularly every night, ate three good meals, enjoyed his smoke and was an owl of regular habits, an owl that a person respected and felt would make his way in the world. Eben was making good money selling the birds the owl caught and, what pleased Eben most, he was making it at the expense of mighty little labor. The owl was the admiration of the whole community. Eben used to pet it and thought the world of it."

"The owl is a wise bird after all," said Eben. And while it takes a good while to drill an idea into his head, once there it stays. It's my belief that with a little effort I could train that faithful bird so that he would sort out the game, take it to the market and sell it. But I'm too fair-minded a man to want to overwork my pet by making him toil in the daytime. Besides, I like an excuse for going to the store every morning."

"One day a stranger from the city came past Eben's yard. The owl was sitting there smoking a pipe and minding his own business. People in the neighborhood had become accustomed to the owl and didn't think anything

of his smoking. But when a person considers it, it was rather an unusual sight to see an owl smoke a pipe, and the stranger was considerably astonished. He hunted up Eben and wanted to buy the owl. Then the stranger wanted to rent the valued bird."

"This is no bird-renting establishment," said Eben, surprised like. "If you think I am running a trained bird livery stable there is another guess due you. That owl of mine would pine away and die if he couldn't see honest old Eben Brown every day. And he's accustomed to the woods and mountains and wouldn't be of any use in a city, where there is no game to be hunted."

"The stranger explained that he was the agent for a cigarette factory and wanted the owl as an advertisement for his line of goods. Eben was shocked."

"Do I look like a man who would smoke cigarettes, or train an owl to use them?" he asked. "Since he left the egg not a drop of liquor or a cigarette has touched the beak of that virtuous owl. And you want me to let him go to the city where he would learn all kinds of bad habits? How would I feel if that owl came back to me at the end of the season wearing golf stockings, puffing on a cigarette and with an appetite for mixed drinks?"

"The agent had set his heart on getting the owl, which he said would be a unique advertisement for his line of goods. He offered \$50 a week rent for the use of the owl and promised to return him in good condition at the end of the season. While Eben was in doubt I called over at his house. The agent was trying to persuade Eben to part with the owl. I warned him against it."

"You're making a good income out of the earnest, honest efforts of that owl as it is," I told Eben. "By trying to grasp too much you will lose good money and ruin the owl's health and morals. If that owl is used for an advertisement, he will be puffing cigarettes from morning to night. A smoke once in awhile may not hurt him, but whoever heard of a young owl who became addicted to the cigarette habit and lived to a green old age?"

"And how many owls did you ever know that was hurt by cigarette smoking?" inquired the agent, sarcastic like.

"I never had an extended acquaintance with owls who used the weed," I replied sternly. "Pike county owls are birds of good morals and better habits. If I met an owl coming through the woods with a cigarette in his mouth I would cut him dead."

"But the agent insisted that the line of goods he was selling never injured anyone, man or owl. The rent the agent offered was considerably more than Eben was getting from the sale of game birds, and at last he agreed to let the agent have the valued bird for ten weeks. But he was filled with misgivings."

"Take good care of him," he said to the agent. "That bird is the pride of my heart and my chief source of income. If anything should happen to him it would break my heart and make it necessary for me to do a considerable amount of unwelcome toil."

"The first week after the owl left Eben was lonely and downhearted, and didn't know what to do with himself. He tried to do a little hunting, but having become accustomed to depending upon the owl he was out of practice and didn't meet with much success. At the end of the week he received a check for \$50, one week's rent for the owl. This cheered him up quite a bit. I told him no good would come of the money."

"That's blood money," I said, "coin that's paid you in exchange for the physical and spiritual good of your feathered pet, who is now exposed to clouds of cigarette smoke and the temptations of life in a great city. No blessing will come to you from that check."

"Eben sneered and said that he noticed that the check cashed for as much as if it had had a whole bunch of blessings attached to it. But in the end he was punished for his greed and lack of moral principles."

"For two weeks Eben received checks regularly and exulted in the easy money he was making. At the end of the third week a box came by express directed to him. The box had air holes in it and evidently contained some living creature. Eben pried off the cover and there was his pet owl. But how changed from the strong, healthy animal that had left home a few weeks before. His feathers were ruffled up, his eyes were dim, and every few minutes he would give a pathetic owl cough that was painful to listen to. Too many cigarettes, and the temptations of city life had proved too much for the trained owl and he had been sent home to die."

"Eben lifted the poor bird out of the box, placed him on the sofa and brought out the old owl pipe that the owl had formerly enjoyed smoking in the morning after a hard night's work. The pet owl's eyes brightened when he saw the pipe. He tried to take it in his beak. The effort was too much for him. He gave a little groan and closed his eyes forever. Eben was pretty well broken up over the death of his pet."

"It's my judgment," he said, solemnly. "A judgment on me for my overreaching greed. You were right, deacon, too many cigarettes will ruin the health of any owl."—N. Y. Sun.

Two Views of It.

Much depends upon whether the point of view is feminine or masculine.

"Will she have him?" he idly asked as they noticed the devoted couple on the beach.

"Can she get him?" was her more pointed query.—Chicago Post.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The pulpit gown appears to be growing in favor among the churches.

There are about 60 Wesleyan deaconesses at work in the city of London. To the present Lord Rothschild Jews in England and the poor of many other religions owe much. His gifts to charity are yearly the largest in England.

School savings banks are increasing rapidly in number in the United States. Last year the system was in practice in 732 schools of 99 cities in 18 states. During that year the deposits reached a total of \$876,229.

Rev. John Spurgeon, father of Charles H. Spurgeon, the celebrated London preacher, recently celebrated his ninety-first birthday by laying the foundation stone of the South Norwood Baptist church in England.

Rev. Mollie B. Craft, of Chicago (colored), has just organized the First Baptist colored church of Milwaukee in 1893, and is a graduate of the Howe Baptist theological school of Memphis. Her evangelical work began in the north; much of it was in the mining and lumber districts of northern Michigan, where she organized many churches.

An earl as a parish rector is not often seen in England, but the earl of Devon, who recently celebrated his ninety-first birthday, has been for many years rector of Powderham, near Starcross, and prebendary of Exeter. He always does duty in his parish church, and regularly preaches in his turn as prebendary in Exeter cathedral. He is a good preacher, an exemplary clergyman and highly esteemed among his parishioners and neighbors.

WHAT THEY WANT IT FOR.

Funny Stories Told by Hobos in Drug Stores When Saloons Are Closed.

An elderly man, with ragged and badly fitting clothes, a shuffling gait, a rum-besotted face covered with about three days' growth of beard, and with a breath that indicated the close proximity of a distillery, wandered into a down-town drug store the other morning about one o'clock, relates the Washington Star. The saloons had closed. Staggering up to the drug clerk, he leaned over the counter and remarked, huskily:

"Say, Willie, just fill that up with alcohol. Ten cents' worth. See?"

The ragged man produced a whisky flask, and, passing a dime over to the clerk, settled in a near-by chair with a grunt of contentment.

"Alcohol, eh?" answered the clerk. "What do you want it for? We're not selling rum in this place."

The ragged individual arose, and, going over to the clerk, observed, in what was intended to be a highly injured tone of voice:

"Now, youse don't get gay wit' me. Rum? Who said anything about rum? That juice is goin' to me chafin' dish around the block. I'm goin' to cook me a supper. See? So chase along, me lad, and produce the goods."

The clerk smiled, but nevertheless filled the order.

"That's the practice of those fellows pretty generally," he said, after the bum had departed. "He has just made a hot touch, and, being unable to get into a saloon, is going to drink the real stuff. We have ten or fifteen orders for alcohol from his class every night. On Sunday, if we chose to sell it, we could do a rushing business in that line. The sable-colored bootblacks in this vicinity drink it almost entirely. Ten cents' worth in a half-pint flask, mixed with a little pump water, some sugar and lemon juice, makes enough of a certain kind of gin to produce the much-craved-for sensation. They tell me all sorts of stories when I ask them to what use they want to put the poison. A hobo staggered into the place the other night for a dime's worth."

"Nothing doing," I remarked, laconically, seeing that he was nine-tenths soused already.

"Aw, now, come on," he pleaded. "I want the dope for private use. That's on the level."

"What do you want it for?" I asked with some curiosity.

"He came over to within whispering distance, and, leaning over the counter, remarked in very confidential tones:

"Say, youse, just keep this on the quiet. I wouldn't let it out for the world. I'm painting a picture of me old college chum, Chauncey M. Depew, up to de house, and I want the stuff to mix me oils."

"He got the booze."

Become Blind at Night.

A St. Petersburg dispatch relative to night blindness in south Russia says: "This is one of the queerest diseases known to medical science, and is one of the camp followers of the famine." Night blindness, however, is no new disease. It has always been more or less common in armies where men have been forced to sleep without cover. The cause is usually referred to the moon and the sufferer is said to be moonstruck, although it has been supposed that the glare of the sunlight upon sand beaches is sometimes the cause of it. As is said of the disease in Russia, the sufferer can see nothing after twilight, even though the moon is at full and the sky clear, but it is somewhat remarkable that he can see by candlelight. It is not unlikely that the Russian night blindness is directly traceable to exposure in the open air and that it is only indirectly due to the famine.—London Mail.

King Alfonso's Guard.

The little king of Spain is carefully guarded every night by a body of picked men, natives of Iapinosa, who have served with distinction in the army.—N. Y. Sun.

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IN EFFECT JULY 15, 1902.

EAST BOUND.

At Louisville	8:00am	6:00pm
At Lexington	11:00am	8:40pm
At Lexington	11:00am	8:40pm
At Winchester	11:57am	9:18pm
At Mt. Sterling	12:25pm	9:45pm
At Washington	6:00am	2:40pm
At Philadelphia	10:15am	7:00pm
At New York	12:40pm	9:00pm

WEST BOUND.

At Winchester	7:57am	4:55pm
At Lexington	8:12am	5:10pm
At Lexington	8:12am	5:10pm
At Franklin	9:00am	6:14pm
At Shelbyville	10:01am	7:00pm
At Louisville	11:00am	8:00pm

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